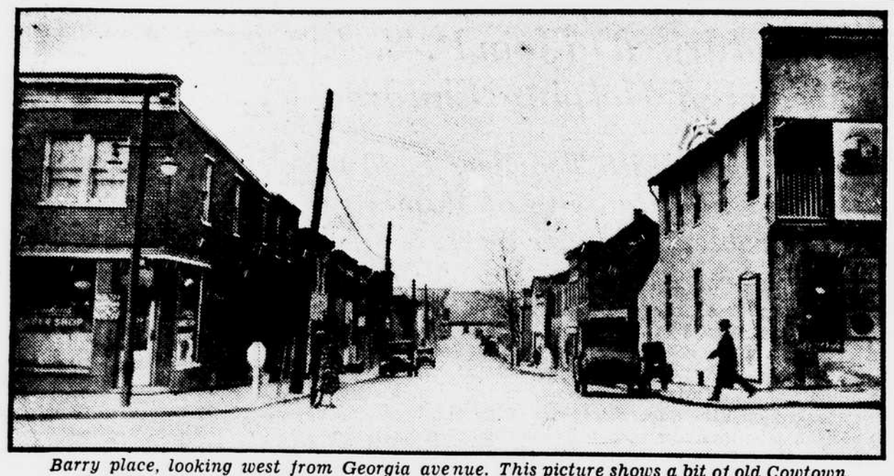
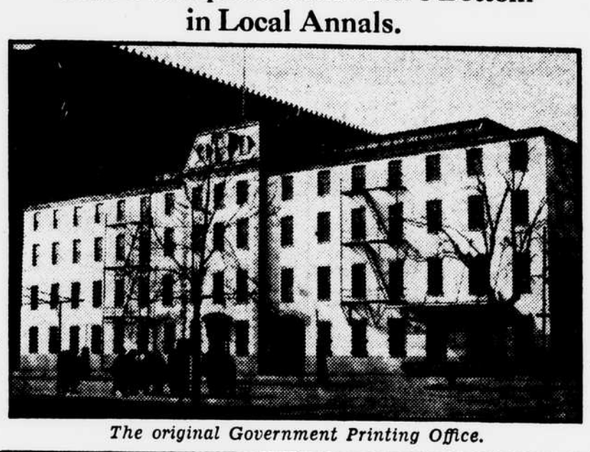
ANCIENT COWTOWN

Picturesque Neighborhood Name Ranks With Swampoodle and Hell's Bottom in Local Annals.



Barry place, looking west from Georgia avenue. This picture shows a bit of old Cowtown.



The original Government Printing Office.

St. Aloysius Parochial School, built in 1866 at I street between North Capitol and First streets N.E.

By John Clagett Proctor.

ALTHOUGH the houses in Washington were numbered as far back as nearly 84 years ago, yet for many years the city was so sparsely settled that the people largely depended upon the names given certain localities—generally by common consent—in order to find any particular person or building. And this was easily done after the locality was reached by simply inquiring for the one you were looking for, since all the residents of a given community knew one another, and any dwelling wanted could easily be pointed out or its location described.

The present system of house numbering went into effect about 1868, and this took the place of a system that came into existence about 1854, and prior to this signs were placed on the houses at certain cross-streets to direct those not familiar with the city. But to those who had lived here any length of time Burchs Hill, Foggy Bottom, the Island, the Navy Yard, Capitol Hill, the Six Buildings and many other locality names meant more than house numbers.

However, so far as the present or younger generation is concerned, these old names, now quite obsolete, can mean but little, and were we to ask any one but an old-timer the location of Hell's Bottom, Swampoodle or Cowtown we would most likely discover their unfamiliarity with early Washington history.

The two first-named places were within the old city limits, while Cowtown was beyond Florida avenue, or Boundary street, as this thoroughfare once was called. Grant avenue, now Barry place, was probably considered as its southern line and it extended north for a thousand or more feet. On the east it was bounded by Seventh street road, or as we now call it Georgia avenue. Its western line was Sherman avenue, except for a small section of Barry place that extended to Florida avenue.

COWTOWN was not a large place nor was it entirely built up when the writer first knew it, and in recent years many of the buildings which formerly stood on the Georgia avenue side of this section have been removed for the Banneker Swimming Pool and Community Center. And so it can be seen that the place has been greatly changed from what it was in days gone by, when it was about as independent a community as there was in the District of Columbia.

Here every home owner had one or more cows and as many pigs and geese as they could afford to keep, and as for dogs and goats it would have taken some one with a tabulating machine to have arrived at the correct number. There were many horses, too, in this community, for where a few peddled their milk by hand, the vast majority, with very large routes, were compelled to rely upon teams.

People who lived in Cowtown were generally as law abiding as any of our citizens, but when the occasion arose they did know how physically to protect their own interests, and never hesitated to do so. In this connection, it was always an interesting day—and that day was a frequent one—when Poundmaster Sam Einstein swooped down on the animals running at large in this neighborhood. They then forgot their loyalty to government and it was generally a case of "may the best man win."

Up until 1871, when the territorial form of government went into effect, the Levy Court looked after the welfare of the County of Washington, which included Cowtown, and until that time animals were permitted to run at large—under certain restrictions, of course. After Gov. Cooke came into office, however, things took on a different turn, and animals were not permitted to run at large anywhere within the District.

This idea of justice did not strike the residents just over the border line as being right or fair, and every time Einstein put in an appearance he had to fight every inch of the way through the place. He rarely came alone, but usually stopped by the old station house on Georgia avenue, a little north of the base ball park, on the opposite side of the street, where he secured one or two mounted policemen for protection. In this way he usually carried off a wagonload of animals which their owners or some of their neighbors were unable to prevent being captured. But it was not unusual for the poundmaster to have his head cut by a flying brick or bottle, nor was it out of the ordinary if a few arrests were made for resisting the majesty of the law.

AT THIS period the city itself was not overly blessed with good streets, and the county was considerably worse off. Before Sherman avenue was brought to its present grade it was rather a step hill, as one can see by the cut made alongside the hospital property. This avenue then terminated at Barry place and did not run through to Florida avenue as it does now. In wet weather it was very muddy, and teams had much difficulty in negotiating the grade. Upon one occasion the writer recalls seeing a wagon with a load of hay stuck to the hubs at the bottom of the hill. It was intended for some one living near the top of the hill, perhaps Owen Shugrue, who had a number of cows and conducted an extensive dairy business with the help of Mrs. Shugrue, who did most of the work.

When the wagon became stuck there were but two horses hitched to it, but gradually sympathizing bystanders added to this number from their own stables until six or eight horses were strung out in a line, alternately jerking and tugging away—working as some people do, without any concerted action or co-operation.

Seeing the mess that neighbors were making of the predicament, John P. Alcorn, who kept a grocery store at the southeast corner of Barry place and Florida avenue, went to his stable and brought out two fine white mules, which he said would pull the load up the hill. The horses were all removed from the wagon and the two mules substituted, and when Alcorn said "Get up" they bent forward with their bodies almost touching the ground, and as the load began to move they straightened up and carried it up the hill on a run. It was indeed a most beautiful sight.

Being steep, this hill made wonderful coasting when there was snow on the ground, although it required much skill to swing the sled into Barry place, since houses then lined the south side of the thoroughfare, where the avenue now continues on to the city.

In addition to the mule episode another thing which occurred there that the writer will never forget was a colored boy, in his bare feet, participating in the sport of coasting down this hill. A few years later this same boy was shot and killed, for which his assailant was afterward acquitted in court.

FIFTY years ago Ninth street was not cut through above Barry place and Eighth street was called Wright street. Down this street, or perhaps paralleling it in places, ran Reedy Branch, along which a number of slaughter houses were located. This stream had its source somewhere to the north and flowed down the east side of Sherman avenue in a narrow, deep cut it had made. At about Euclid street it turned almost abruptly into Eighth street, passing close to where once stood the National Home for Destitute Colored Women and Children, which institution was erected some 60 or more years ago.

One of the sights one will never forget is the great droves of hogs, sheep and cattle which were driven through the streets of Washington to the slaughter houses that lined Reedy Branch, sometimes even spreading out beyond the curb line onto the sidewalks. Legislation finally cured this evil, and everybody was better off and happier thereby. One of the sights, however, which many will recall while these slaughter houses were still in operation was the large number of oxtails commonly seen thrown over the shoulders of the colored men who helped to do the killing. No doubt they were given them as part of their pay, but now they are sold for making oxtail soup, considered by many as a delicacy.

Another common sight around Cowtown in the early days was the cutting of ice by the butchers for their icehouses, and the writer recalls the large quantities gathered by Henry Ruppert, who had two meat stands, one in the Center Market and another in the Northern Liberty Market. His slaughter house and residence occupied a large piece of ground at the northeast corner of Barry place and Sherman avenue that extended to the top of the hill. His home was of brick and was one of the largest residences in this neighborhood, and several ferocious-looking bloodhounds guarded the place and kept away intruders.

Nearly all of this area is now occupied by colored families, and the pioneer Irish and the few German families that once lived hereabout have long since moved elsewhere, and many have passed into the great beyond. However, many of their descendants are still living in Washington. Indeed, the writer went to both private and public schools with some of the sons and daughters of this settlement and always found them to be good and loyal friends. Many became prominent in various walks of life, and those who are still with us and holding positions of trust may be justly regarded as of the first families of Washington.

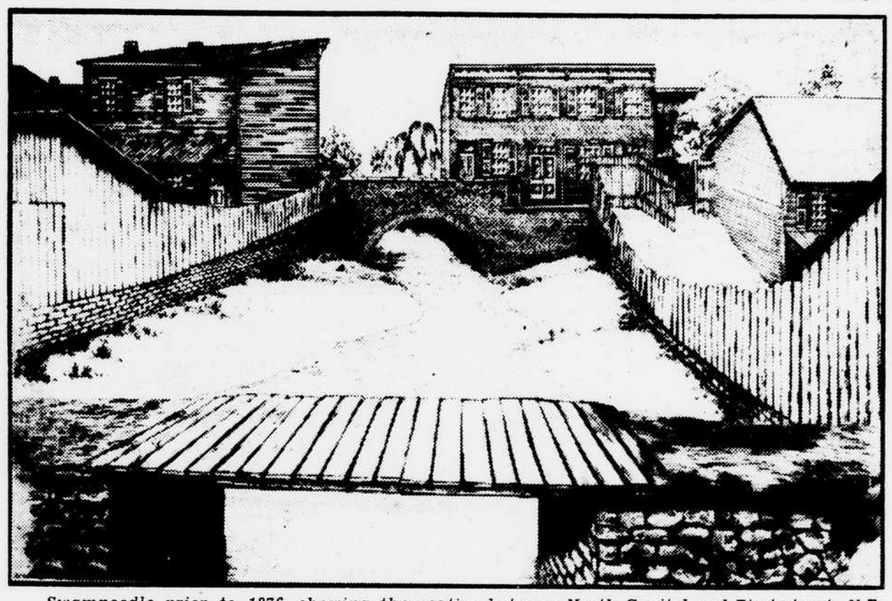
BOUNDARY STREET—as many an old Washingtonian still insists upon calling Florida avenue—was, with few exceptions, for many years only covered with gravel, just like all the streets in and around the city, but along in the 70s it was macadamized and became one of the best stretches of roadway within the District.

There has probably never been a time when Washington has been without its speeders, even in the horse-and-buggy days. And thus it has always had its speed regulations. However, the man with a fast trotter or pacer, before the advent of the automobile, was just as reckless and needed just as much watching as the careless and inconsiderate automobile driver does at present, and about the only difference, if any, was that only people of means had horses and carriages, while now most any one can afford an automobile.

It was then against the law "to drive any horse, mare or gelding in or on any street, avenue or alley of this city at a pace faster than a moderate trot or gallop, or to make any attempt or trial of speed between two or more horses." If any one was injured during a violation of this law, the driver was subject to a fine of $20 and incarceration in the workhouse for not less than 30 nor more than 90 days.

Florida avenue proved a great temptation to a man with a good stepper, and many a driver contributed to the city's exchequer for trying to lower the record of Maud S.

Lt. James Johnson was then in command of the old second police precinct, and here the speeders were taken by one of the well-mounted police officers, who were always on the lookout for lawbreakers, just as the traffic police do today.



Swampoodle prior to 1876, showing the section between North Capitol and First streets N.E. Through the arch and under the bridge flowed the Tiber. The houses face H street.

As the writer first knew the second precinct on Seventh street road, it had opposite it the Park Hotel, removed only a few years ago and which at one time was known as the Maryland House, and where the ball grounds are now was Beyer's Park.

This was a well-wooded area containing many sturdy oaks of the forest primeval. The amusements included a dancing pavilion, bowling alleys, a merry-go-round (that didn't break down) and other attractions. Upon one occasion the writer witnessed foot races there, and no doubt other sports were included from time to time. Like the Schuetzen Park a half mile farther up the road, beer seemed to be the greatest attraction, and the clang of the big triangle which was struck every time a new keg was tapped could be heard for quite a distance away.

During the Civil War these grounds in part were included in the territory occupied by Campbell Hospital. After the war the buildings were transferred to Gen. Howard and were used for a long time as the Freedmen's Hospital.

TO THE north of the old station were the Metropolitan Railroad car barns, and a block to the west ran Reedy Branch, in a southerly direction. It was an open stream, at least until 1871 or 1872, when it was converted into a sewer. It was quite a large stream at one time, and where it crossed Florida avenue at Eighth street a hand bridge was placed for the use of pedestrians.

When quite young, the writer loved to gather the beautiful pebbles and stones to be found in this branch, and for many years the old parlor what-not bore evidence of this childish delight.

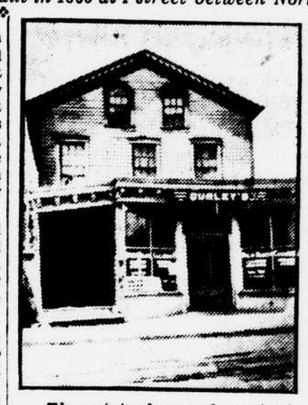
When the Boundary sewer was completed Reedy Branch was diverted into it. This sewer was begun in 1879, and when finished was the largest cylindrical sewer in the world. At its starting point at E street between Seventeenth and Eighteenth streets N.E. it is 22 feet in diameeter, inside measurement. It extends along Florida avenue from its Northeast starting point to about Eighth street N.W. It was one of Washington's greatest engineering feats and was constructed under the direction of Maj. Hoxie.

Swampoodle, of which much has been written, had no exact boundaries but may be said to have extended in a general way several blocks to the east of North Capitol street and north and south of H street, with the larger part lying to the north of the latter thoroughfare.

The name with which this section was dubbed suggested itself, most naturally, by the swampy land on either side of Tiber Creek, which crossed H street about midway between North Capitol and First streets N.E.

Much has been said, in a joking way, of the early residents of this part of the city, but seriously, the worst anyone might say about them would be that many of them were poor, but hard-working people who minded their own business and saw to it that everybody else did the same. They did not like the dog catcher, nor did anyone else, and they did not care for the policeman, for they preferred to settle their differences among themselves without any outside interference.

GENERALLY speaking, Swampoodle was not composed of teetotalers, nor were the people here strictly of the reverse tendency, though if called upon to vote, would probably have cast a wet ballot, and yet, as a matter of fact, they probably did not indulge in strong drink to any greater extent than did the people of other sections of the city. That they sent their children to school and educated them is evident, since many of them became representative Washington men and women, and this conclusively shows that they were not as black as painted. Indeed, if we could push aside the curtain and see this neighborhood as it was 50 years ago, and become acquainted with the people there, we might say that, after all, they were a mighty fine class of people.



The original second precinct police station, formerly at what is today 2042 Georgia avenue.

Just where the Swampoodle boys and girls received their early education one might only assume by the schools in that vicinity.

On H street between Third and Fourth streets N.E. there was a wooden one-story building only used as a school during the years 1879 and 1880. At one time it had a market house which was owned by the District, the ground belonging to Bennet H. Hill. The writer could not find out any of the names of the children who went to this school, but there is no doubt they resided right in the "Poodle."

Perhaps some of them went to the school at the corner of New Jersey avenue and E street, several blocks to the south, where, in 1878, the following were sufficiently proficient to receive certificates: Ernest Hill, Richard Cromwell, Frank Ourand, Clinton Deno, Albert White, William Boyd, Edward Smith, William Donath, James Cromwell, William Smith, Harry Spottswood, Robert Bain, John Wheeler, William Burk, Franchot Boyd, Charles Schneider, Stephen Walsh, Mitchell Roxbury, Frederic Reeves, Otto Selhausen, William Miles, Allie Grant, George Heinecke, T. Edmunds Turpin, William Lauxman, Jerome Kaufman, Elmer Donn, Max Blatzheim, Harry May, John Fitzgerald, Henry Horning, Martin McCormick, William Phipps, James Laporte, Harry Hodges, Harry Straus, Lewis Moser, William Lazenby, Robert Wheeler, Ignatius Corridon, William McNall, Edward Evans, Frank Barr, George Sacks, Thomas Inright and Edgar Flynn.

OTHERS, no doubt, went to St. Aloysius' Parochial School, on I street between North Capitol and First streets northeast, built in 1866, and others went to similar private schools, while some may have gone to the Seaton Building, still standing, while the school on H street between Second and Third streets would have proven equally convenient.

Some of the girls who attended the school on H street between Second and Third, taught by Mary A. Garst, were: Estelle Yost, Harriet D. Tubman, Celia Heidenheimer, Mercy S. Sinasbaugh, Anna L. Dorsey, Annie C. Clary, Isabel G. Clarke, Eva A. Scott, Annia A. Amrein, Juanita Ross, Mary Marr, Marie Wagner, Fannie L. Henkle, Emma B. Greenland, Addie V. Benson, Eva M. Knowles, A. Mary Jakob, Marion E. Prince, Mary D. Stetson, Sarah C. Rogers, Ada D. Atkinson, Isabel Johnson, Bertha Kaufman, Kate Walker, Carrie E. Kaiser, Alesanna Lee Everett, Eliza A. Slaughter, Phoebe V. Hebrew, Bertha Sickle, Hattie H. Smith, Lilly M. Cohen, Louise H. Lefevre and Georgia M. Harrison.

THE Nation's Government Printing Office borders closely on Swampoodle, and many of its early employes were residents of that section. Just who they were and where they lived the writer cannot say. But of the many employes who were working on the Congressional Record in 1881 some might have resided in this neighborhood. The list includes E. W. Oyster, assistant foreman in charge, and E. W. Beach, assistant, and the following office force: Sidney F. Bates, S. N. Bennerman, James G. Boss, W. S. Brooks, Stephen Caldwell, J. F. Campbell, W. R. Chipley, J. Warren Conrad, Al Cottle, C. M. Cyphers, Charles F. Depue, W. H. Dexter, William L. Dickinson, John B. Dickman (now serving as president of Columbia Union, No. 101), C. N. Dinsmore, T. M. Donn, D. R. Doyle, J. M. Eggleston, H. G. Ellis, A. L. Etter, Daniel V. Fenton, J. G. Forney, Joseph E. Frost, P. P. Glass, G. Wilmer Graham, Charles B. Hemingway, S. M. Kearns, John Law, Charles H. Lewis, F. M. Lewis, N. M. Light, B. F. Mann, O. F. Mattingly, Thomas J. Mattingly, J. A. McCarthy, H. A. McDonald, Frank A. McGill, A. McNelly, E. Mendenhall, C. J. Miles, B. Mills, J. B. Montgomery, Ed Morgan, C. S. Myers, W. H. Myers, G. W. Neill, Melvin Noyes, Heber Painter, W. R. Ramsey, James B. Rogers, E. J. Russell, Charles M. Sanderson, M. J. Sherk, A. A. Shissler, Thomas C. Simpson, George Spencer, L. P. Stradley, John P. Swiggard, W. C. Talley, John W. Thomas, F. B. Wallace, Charles W. Walker, W. F. Walsmith, Charles N. Warren, H. L. Watson, George A. Webster, W. J. Weiss, F. A. West, W. V. Winans, William E. Winston and H. L. Work.

The most outstanding religious landmark in the vicinity of Swampoodle is St. Aloysius Church, dedicated in 1859, at a time when there were few houses nearby. Shortly after this the Civil War came on, and in order to provide hospitals for the sick and injured many of the churches of the city were taken over for this purpose.

Naturally, the time soon came when this church could not longer be made an exception, and so, on September 9, 1862, when the maimed and injured began to arrive from the Bull Run battlefield and the hospital situation in Washington was actually critical, the dreaded demand for the church was made. Rev. Bernard F. Wiget, S. J., was then in charge of St. Aloysius' Church, as well as Gonzaga College, and he proved more than equal to the occasion, for he offered to build a hospital for the Government if the beautiful church was spared, and this was agreed to and the terms carried out to the letter.

One of the most important events to take place in this noble edifice was the marriage of Minnie Ewing Sherman, daughter of Gen. William T. Sherman, to Lieut. Thomas W. Fitch, U. S. N., at a time when Gen. Sherman was residing at 205-7 I street N.W., the house having previously been occupied by Gen. U. S. Grant.

MEXICO, REGION OF MYSTERY, CARRIES IMPRESS OF AGES

Beauty Added to Antiquity in Its Outward Show of Unique Development From Succeeding Layers of Races.

EDITOR'S NOTE—This is the third of a series of four articles on Mexico by Mr. Lyon appearing in The Sunday Star.

By Gideon A. Lyon.

IN AN earlier contribution, I stated that large and increasing numbers of North Americans are going to Mexico. Why should they go there, may be asked. The answer is easily given. They are going because Mexico is attractive and interesting, indeed, it is one of the most interesting places on the earth, and, furthermore, it is easily accessible from the country.

Why, it may be asked, is Mexico interesting? What are its attractions? In the first place, it is a land of mystery, as well as of pronounced beauty. Nobody really knows its story, though anthropologists and antiquarians, scientists of almost every branch of learning, have been studying it for a long time. Various hypotheses are offered as to the source of its early population and its civilization. These hypotheses include the theory that the earliest culture came from Asia, by way of a "land bridge" that some believe was long ago formed by the now partially sunken Aleutian Islands. And another theory is that the earliest inhabitants came from the Far Eastern world across a now submerged continent which has been given the name of "Mu." It is believed, furthermore, that there are today in Mexico descendants from races much older than even the Nahuas and the Mayas.

The origin of the Mexican people has been traced by various investigators to the Mongols, the Tartars, the Japanese, the Hindus, the Malays, the Hebrews, the Carthaginians, the Irish, the Welsh, the Australians, the Eskimos, the Assyrians, the Persians, the Egyptians and the Africans. About all that is now conclusively known is that, whatever the origin of the races on the American Continent, it is to be sought so far back in the past as to have given time for blending and subsequent division into sub-tongues and dialects. There are still spoken in Mexico today a score of distinct aboriginal tongues and more than a hundred dialects.

AND there are in evidence, easily reached by the tourist to the Capital, monuments that plainly tell the story of a remarkable culture, great pyramids dedicated to the gods of the early times, other massive structures revealing knowledge of architectural principles from which some of the most striking constructions of modern erection have been derived. The land is strewn with these giant works of the early Mexicans. Some of them have been recovered from the soil that was piled around them in very early times. Two of them may be reached within half an hour's driving from Mexico City, the pyramids of the Sun and Moon, with others believed to be near at hand, still under their earthen casings.

These are but a very few of the numerous evidences of the early culture of the Mexicans—to give them their collective name of today, without attempt to differentiate between the Nahuas, who it is thought came from the north, and the Mayas, who are believed to have come from the south. Archeologists have made an important start in their excavation and study, both in the neighborhood of the capital and in Yucatan, where the ruins of Chichen Itza are now easily reached by the tourist who goes by sea to Progresso and thence to Merida. Increasing numbers are stopping off there for the interval of a week between steamers.

Deeply as have the scientific investigators delved into the story of Mexico, they have not reached the real foundations of the present race. Thus it remains still in large measure a land of mystery, and mystery is always fascinating. For instance, why were the giant pyramids covered with earth? Why, as at Cholula, was one of the greatest of them thus covered, chosen as the site for a church, spiring far into the air and requiring the most painful climbing to reach its portals?

Were the mountain peaks, especially those that are perpetually snow-covered, the models for the early creators of these huge forms? Orizaba, the second highest elevation on the North American Continent, might well have been thus taken as a type. Popocatepetl might as well have been such an inspiration in its earlier form, which was more symmetrical than now, its present peak being somewhat broken by eruptions. And, by the way, one of the tourist puzzles is the learning of the correct pronunciation of Popo's name, which is "Po-po-ca-tep-et-al, with the accent on the "tep," but harder yet is the name of Popo's neighbor, generally called the Sleeping Lady because of its resemblance to a reclining figure. It is spelled Ixtaccihuatl, and, as far as I was able to transliterate it, the proper pronunciation is "Eet-za-see-wat-tel," with the accent on the "wat." It is safer in Mexico to refer to these always snow-capped peaks, respectively, as "Popo" and "the Lady."

BUT however came the models, whether from innate sense of huge proportion, or from a concept of divine perfection, or from a natural form, the pyramids of Mexico remain as well worth visiting and studying at close range. But woe be unto the tourist with faint heart or soft muscles who essays to climb the Pyramid of the Sun, at Teotihuacan, near the Capital. He will rue his venture in hours of later weariness and pain. These and other climbs to the heights of man-made structures must be taken slowly and with due regard for the hereafter.

Business block, Puebla.

But the heights are not all occupied by monuments of antiquity—that is, the early antiquity of aboriginal days. Some of them are sites of towns and even cities. Taxco is an example. Situated about a hundred miles south of the Capital, it is one of the most fascinating places on this continent. It is a veritable "hill town," a cluster of houses and churches clinging to the steep slopes of the mountainside, with a sweeping view of a far-flung plain. It has become a favorite resort of artists intent upon painting the Mexican scene, and no wonder, for there is a picture at every turn. By some miracle of urban engineering there are two flat spaces in the town, each about two or three acres in area. One of these is the plaza—there is a plaza in every Mexican town, whatever its size—and the other is the market.

Whoever laid out Taxco—it is pronounced "Taz-ko"—may have made a good job of getting the most building space out of the chosen area, but he did not have any consideration for the stranger. I demonstrated his negligence in this regard by getting quite definitely lost there on the evening of arrival, when I undertook to return alone from the market to the hotel where the party of which I was a member was quartered. I became thoroughly confounded by the utter lack of geometry in the town planning, and the coming of the night made my case a rather sorry one. I twisted and turned, I climbed steep, narrow streets over the rough cobbles, I asked my way of natives without result, because they had no English and I no Spanish, and to make matters worse, I could not remember the name of the hostelry. Suddenly, however, the name of the manager came to me, and after a futile essay with a pulque-sodden lounger in front of one of the numerous grog shops, I found a boy who recognized that name and took me just around the corner to the hotel, where I found the members of my party in a sad state of nerves over my disappearance and about to organize a rescue squad for my salvation. I have no alibi for my misadventure, save the choice of the founders of Taxco in the matter of a site and my own false confidence in my sense of direction.

BUT Taxco is well worth while. It is old and it is beautiful. It is worth even a half hour of panic—a state to which I did not actually attain—for the visiting. And no wonder that the artists go there for inspiration and subjects! My own particular grievance is that my visit there coincided with the period of lamentable photographic lapse, to which I have heretofore made discreet reference. Hence I have no pictures of Taxco to present, though there is a picture there at every turn of its maze of narrow streets.

Then, to carry on with the recital of reasons for going to Mexico, there is the drive westward to Acapulco from Taxco, a day's trip through mountains, over plains and desert land, again over mountains, and finally the long slide down to the Pacific, through forests where parrots may be seen in the trees, a sharp declension from the temperate to the subtropical zone. There is no lovelier sight in all America than the view of the sea from the last scarp of the Sierra Madre. There lies one of the finest harbors in the world, celebrated in song and story, a deep natural basin protected from the power of the Pacific, big enough to float one of the great navies, bordered by hills covered with verdure, two beautiful bathing beaches, and from the heights to the west, where the shore breaks down abruptly to the sea, one looks straight across in the direction of Manila, with the assurance that nothing lies between save a few atolls several thousand miles out in the mid-Pacific.

Majestic Mountain Slopes, With Spreading Plains, Provide Home for People Who Reach to Unknown Origins.

This reference to the drive to Acapulco brings up the matter of the roads of that country. Like the curate's egg, parts of them are excellent. The other parts are pretty bad, but they are being improved. The road from Taxco to Acapulco, for instance, is now under reconstruction for a distance of 25 to 30 miles in the desert region, and the going there is not so very good, with numerous and rather rough "divigaciones," or detours. But the work progresses steadily, if somewhat slowly, in the Mexican manner, and by next season, if there is no interruption due to another change of government—something that is always to be discounted in every calculation—the whole route from Mexico City to the Pacific coast will be in first-class order, as good a road as any motorist can reasonably ask. Just such a road, I am assured, is that which runs from Laredo on the Texas border down to the capital, a three-day route with every necessary accommodation for the tourist.

ANOTHER drive from Mexico City is to be urged upon every tourist, that over to Puebla by way of Chulola. The round trip is about 170 miles, an easy day's driving with time out for sight-seeing. First we crossed the plain of the east, that plain which was once the bed of a great lake and which is now marshy in places. Round about in a great circle rise the distant mountains, sentinels for the capital, once the shore line of the lake. Presently these are reached, and then begins an hour's climb, a thrilling series of sweeping curves, with vista glimpses now of the capital gleaming in the morning sun and again of the snowy heights of "Popo" and "The Lady." On the city side spreads a great fertile plain, cut into broad fields under tillage. The mountains are thickly wooded, the road is in first-class order, and the car makes the curves with the steadiness that comes from well-banked pitches.

Closer and closer come "Popo" and "The Lady." The tokens of their volcanic activities in the past become evident. The higher mountain, Popo, bears a huge scar on the southern flank, a crater evidently due to a titanic eruption. No aspiration to climb that thickly snow-strewn height is felt. Of course, it has been climbed many times, but that is a fancy that has never appealed to me. I do not recommend a Popo climb as one of the reasons for going to Mexico.

Presently we come to Cholula, probably the most be-churched city for its size in the world. In this town—for it is little more than that—there are no less than 365 churches, one for every day in the year, the driver guide accommodatingly remarks. We visited three or four of them, entering them after some hunting around to find the custodians of the keys.

Inasmuch as practically all of these churches are "out of commission," owing to certain restraints imposed by the present government, one is likely to wonder at the intricacy of the key-keeping system, until it becomes evident, upon a quiet intimation from the guide, that the custodian of the hour expects a small stipend. So it appears that the keeping of the keys is more than the avocation of a devotee. I do not know whether this system prevails in all of the 365 cases. It does, for a certainty, at the church which crowns the greatest height in the town, an ancient pyramid, built by one of the long-ago races and at some indeterminate time covered with earth and then centuries later capped with this jewel of architecture, which at a little distance is reminiscent of one of Maxfield Parrish's delightful illustrations.

I climbed this big hill, which is nearly 200 feet in height, going up by a broad stone-cobbled winding ramp. From the top is afforded a glorious view of the plain below, sweeping across the many miles to the distant line of mountains, and perhaps 50 miles to the east is Orizaba, its white cone shining in the sun. That alone was worth the whole day's effort.

BUT there was Puebla yet to be seen, and Puebla must be seen, however hurried the tourist may be. It is the second largest city in Mexico, and one of the most attractive. I cannot enumerate its particular features. It is in some respects better ordered than Mexico City. Its cathedral is far finer and in better condition than that at the capital, which in truth is in a very sorry state of disrepair. Then there is a veritable puzzle building, an old convent recently taken over by the government, and its hidden chambers and secret passageways brought to view. A brilliant array of beautiful old vestments assembled in some of the rooms tells the pitiful story of a disestablishment that marks a vital change in the life of the people.

Popo and The Lady look down upon these scenes of change, just as they looked down centuries ago upon the coming of the Spaniards, and many more centuries before that as they looked down upon the coming of the Nahuas and the Mayas. Mexico has changed in its human aspects many times, but it remains in its physical form as it was before the dawn of history. And that is one of the charms of the land of Moctezuma that draw the visitor from afar, by road, by rail, by sea and by air.

Radio

(Continued From Page C-4.)

cesses, and their contacts with us in one way or another.

IN ADDITION to the serial programs, the project has created a script exchange, a file of more than 100 manuscripts of radio plays and sketches of educational merit and proved excellence. These are available on request to schools and churches and other groups.

Records, moreover, on short-lived discs have been made of each performance of the "Brave New World" series, so that they may be referred to or reproduced for some educational purpose in the future, so far as means permit.

The "creative treatment of actuality" is the touchstone (and the motto, which hangs behind the desk of the assistant director) of this unique enterprise in education by air. If it is propaganda, it is very definitely propaganda of the right sort in a democracy which has any understanding of, or faith in its own foundations. Prof. Doyle, one of the advisers of the project, remarked recently to the writer:

"In my judgment this is one of the most encouraging undertakings of the Government and most valuable enterprises of the Office of Education that I know of. It is something new under the educational and political sun for a great government to be spending money for the increase of political and cultural sympathy with its neighbors. Most governments conduct propaganda to the end of increasing international distrust, suspicion or alarm."

It is just possible, if the nations had more of this kind of education on the air and otherwise that they would need fewer battleships, is it not?